Wasn't Big Enough for This, However, and so we Are Dependent as to the Sea serpent on Description, Likewise as to

Icebergs Higher'n the Flatiron Building.

What circus day is to the small boy of an american town the arrival from Antwerp of the animal carrying steamer St. Andrew of the Phoenix Line is to the youngsters of Moboken. Wherefore when the glad news spread along the Jersey shore yesterday dant of Noah's ark was being warped into her slip at the foot of Seventh street, Hoboken, loaded to the guards with over a quarter of a million dollars worth of blooded stallions, scores of golden pheasants, flocks of white swans and fantailed pigeons, the anall boys were hanging to the rocks at the end of the Stevens Institute grounds by

their eye teeth. All this happened, too, before word had got around of the two icebergs, tall as the Flatiron Building, between which the ship had sailed for the greater part of a day. And the night stampede of the horses during a sea cyclone off the Banks, when four of the stallions jumped down from the cattle deck to the 'tween deck and might have gone clean to the hold, if Quartermaster Tonny hadn't grabbed them by the tails and pulled 'em back. And. greatest of all, the mighty sea serpent that tried to climb aboard on July 29 off Land's End with the hope that it could overpower the crew and swallow blooded horses at an average of \$1,000 a bite.

Young Hoboken was in the throes of ecstatic delirium when all these indisputable tales got ashore. And throughout all the ensuing uproar of yelling youngsters, prancing stallions that whinnied along the pier with necks arched and hips like a burlesque show, honking swans and shouting horsemen-amid all the commotion Chief Officer William B. Spicer calmly sat on deck spinning the yarn and smoking his pipe, ever smoking his pipe.

Only twenty feet off the stab'd bow the great beast raised eighteen feet of his bloody head and neck and, my word, he was a monster! Third Officer Jim Cumming was inclined to think that the head was twenty-one feet from the ship's rail but as this was a minor detail everybody compromised on twenty and a half feet and let it go at that. All agreed, however that a second fold of the serpent rose in a big curve just fourteen feet further back along the Atlantic Ocean. From this curve utted a dorsal fin like an iron picket fence. Between the spikes was stretched a fourply

"How long was the sea serpent altoether?" asked the youngest reporter with

'My word, lad, that's a question too mbloodypossible to answer, as the tail was down in the ocean." answered Mr. Spicer. | He paused to light his pipe anew. 'We were off Land's End," he began and the weather was clear and sunny econd Officer Bill P. Sykes had just gone below, leaving the bridge to Jim Cumming, our second officer, and me. I was gasing If to sta'b'd when all at once the bloody ater began to heave a bit.

'The heaving steadily increased; when uddenly up rose a mighty head with wicked ee, a head like a great eel, while the water fell all around in cataracts. As the me serpent turned and eyed me I tell you feit pretty unbloody comfortable. The head was eighteen feet above the surface the water now and the neck measured re feet around. Exactly fourteen feet stern was another coil of the beast that rose from the water in a curve. On top of this coil was a fin with spikes at the upper dge like a jagged saw."

Jagged, you say?" Yes, jagged like a bloody saw," declared

the officer. How far off were you then-out from land, I mean?" asked a reporter.

"About twelve miles off Land's End. There was a lot of little fishing boats around and perhaps these attracted the sea serpent I'm curious to know whether it attacked any of these small boats later. The serpent had an enormous mouth that could easily have taken a longboat into it. Their mouths are elastic, y' know, and if a python can swallow an ox whole, which I know it can, this fellow could easily have taken in one of our stallions at a gulp. They cover them with slime, y' know, and take 'em right in."

Mr. Spicer went toward the cabin and returned in a few minutes with the St. Andrew's sight book in which the chief officer had made a hurried pencil sketch of the sea serpent. Undoubtedly the cargo horses had been smelled by the serpent from its submarine lair, he said. It remained above the water about a minute, during which Mr. Spicer says he called the attention of Jim Cumming, second officer, to it. A second time the head arose and then the chief officer got busy with his pencil.

Its back was a slaty black and the under side was a pale blue. There had been some talk of putting the ship about and taking a good long sail back along the Atlantic to locate the tail, but before this could be scate the tail, but before this could be accomplished the sea serpent had gone down for the second time and did not reappear. Bill Sykes says that he rushed on deck just in time to see the picket fence ha going down and then he remembered that he had seen a similar fin jutting up from the Atlantic two hours earlier in the day. Whether the first fin sighted was the one that Bill saw the second time he was not in a position to say yesterday and he said he didn't like to make any statement of which he wasn't certain.

ment of which he wasn't certain.

It is quite possible, however, that the first fin seen further back on the ship's course was an altogether different one, and that as the ship steamed along the ocean she gradually caught up with the fin nearer the head. If this be true, the serpent was probably stationary near the surface of the water. It's a mighty lucky thing the 8t. Andrew didn't go aground on the sea. Andrew didn't go aground on the sea

repent's back.

When the monster finally sank from the bloody ocean, said Mr. Spicer, was covered with bloody slime as if a carriad of oil had just been sunk. The chief officer said had just been sunk. sad of oil had just been sunk. The chief effect said he had seen a great many snakes during his travels, but that this was the last sea serpent that had come before him. Then everybody had a drink, while the sake expert struck another match to light a hah pipe before beginning his tale of the sampede. The St. Andrew was four days st, aid Mr. Spicer, when a "terrible sea grione" came up during the sight. At 1 o'clock in the morning, with the ship felling badly, a great commotion arose oclock in the morning, with the ship olling badly, a great commotion arose smong the stallions on the cattle deck. Then while some of the terrified horses team to run the length of the deck, hurdling with other horses—stalls and all—that add't yet broken loose four mighty Per-serous started to jump down the hatchway stidshire.

midships.

Then the reporters were taken to the staken t

IN A SEA SERPENT.

about 200 miles off the coast of Ireland," he said, as his pips went out. "It had been flying around the bloody Atlantic from one ship to another, and when it came on our deck I picked it up and put it in a cage." "Black birds feed on live worms, don't they?" Mr. Sploer was asked.

"Oh, yes. But I breed worms right on the ship for this bird," he replied.

The first that Col. George Crawford, who came from Antwerp with his horses on the St. Andrew, heard of the sea serpent was when the reporters asked him about it on the pier. It was news to him, he said. Peter Hopley, another horse importer, said, however, that he had seen about ten feet of the beast just as it was sinking for the last time. None of the horsemen aboard had heard of the stamped. Nevertheless when a reporter for one of the block type heading papers came aboard with a notary to have the ohief officer and Cumming swear to an affidavit regarding the monster everybody took the oath. The reporter for the yellow explained to the officers that his paper was always extremely anxious to get the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

All the afternoon Hoboken watched the parade down the pier of some of the finest German coach Beigian coach. Percheron, Suffolk and English shire stallions thathave come into the country. Seventy-four of them were bound for Col. Crawford's Sharon Valley Stock Farm at Newark. Ohio, and their wholesale value in Europe, the owner said, averaged \$1,000 apieco. Peter Hopley & Son had twenty more for their stock farm at Lewis, Ia., and this lot was listed at \$25,000. Champlin Bros. sent fifty-five of the stallions to their farm at Clinton, Ia., and seventy-five went to Frank Iams of St. Paul, Neb. The swans, forty of them, were expressed to Poughkeepsle and the pigeons and pheasants went to Chicago.

Jim Ryley, in charge of the the Iams horses, told of the two icobergs between which the ship saided amost all of one day, The supposition was that the icobergs stamed along with the slie hunder their own power. Then there we

ROUNDING UP THE ALDERMEN. Some Kept Prisoners Until Enough Were Secured to Fix the Tax Rate.

The Aldermen formally fixed the tax rate for the five boroughs for 1906 at a special meeting held yesterday for that purpose, but it was two hours before a quorum could be got together.

The board should have passed upon the tax books and provided for the rate at its meeting two weeks ago, when an adjournment was taken until September. In the absence of Chairman Davies of the Finance Committee no other member thought to bring up the matter, and as the Comptroller refused to receive the books under these conditions a situation was created which made it seem that there might be delay in beginning the collection of the taxes. Acting Mayor McGowan thereupon called the spe-

Many of the members were out of town and when the first roll was called there were fewer than thirty members present. Forty is the number needed to make a quorum. Messengers were sent in all directions to bring in members, and an hour and a half later thirty-nine answered to their names. The board was still one shy, and in addition to sending out messengers the telephones were brought into use in the effort to corral the fortieth man.

In the meantime the members in the chamber had grown restless and several of them made attempts to escape, but were blocked at the doors by the sergeants-atarms. The difficulty in keeping the Aldermen together became so great that it had to be pointed out to them that the C harter provided a fine of \$500 and removal from office for any Alderman who wilfully refused or neglected to perform certain duties

or neglected to perform certain duties is id down in the Charter. One of these duties is the approval of the tax rate and assessment roll. When the penalty facing them was brought to their knowledge there was no more trouble in keeping the Aldermen in their places.

Finally, after a two hours wait, Alderman Arthur H. Murphy of The Bronx was brought in and the quorum was made up. It took just three minutes to transact the business of the meeting. As has already been reported the tax rate will be: Manhattan and The Bronx, 1.47890; Brooklyn, 1.53789; Queens, 1.55484, and Richmond, 1.55422.

PATENT CLASPS HIS UNDOING. One Was on the Handbag; the Other the

Owner Had on Him. Mrs. Clara Costello, a Board of Health medical inspector, on her way to her post on the East Third street pier yesterday morning, stopped at Avenue D and Third street to watch a fire. Three small boys crowded against her, and she felt a hand tugging at a handbag over her arm, which wouldn't open because of a patent clasp. She clasped the hand, and at the same

ime got a good hold on the boy's ear with her other hand. Detective Wall took the boy to the Union Market station. He said he was David Sinvich of 154 Norfolk street. he was David Sinvich of 154 Norfolk street.

The boy said he was 16 years old, but was so small that Magistrate Moss in the Essex Market court put the case over until later to give the Gerry Society agents a chance to look him up. In the afternoon his father appeared and said that the boy was 17. He left home last May and was not heard of by his parents until yesterday. He was held in \$1,900 bail for trial.

Referee's Report in Gunton Case Confirmed. Supreme Court Justice Giegerich affirmed vesterday the findings of ex-Judge Henry V. Bookstaver, as referee, in the suit brought by Mrs. Amelia Gunton against her husband, Prof. George Gunton, of Gunton's Magazine. The order of affirmation will be signed to-morrow or Monday, and the judgment following on the order will be signed at the same time. The nature and exact terms of the judgment will only become public when it is filed, but it is known hat the decision is in Mrs. Gunton's favor.

The Seagoons.

The American Line steamship Philadelphia, which sails to-day for Southampton, will carry:

John Borden, Dr. J. J. Colgan, Commander John C. Frémont, U. S. N., Roswell Miller, James J. Phelan, Miss May De Sousa. Sailing on the Cunard liner Umbria for Liverpool are:

Capt. George A. Cottrell, H. Crunow, Miss Pauline Elliott On board the Red Star Line steamship sailing to-day for Antwerp are: lrving Adams, Dr. Hobart S. Dye, G. Harri-on Fisher, C. B. Reed, Mrs. R. C. Townsend.

"John the Grangeman" Dying. Boston, Aug. 10.—John the Orangeman is in a dying condition at the Massachusetts General Hospital, having been operated on yesterday for an intestinal trouble. Ever aimos his return from New York, where he took part in the play "Brown of Harvard," he has been in a feeble condition.

The London Le

NEW BOOKS.

Buminations in an English Arcady. Somewhere in the English moors is the cene of Halliwell Sutcliffe's gentle chronicle of "A Benedick in Arcady" (E. P. Dutton Co.). The reader will understand that in these pages he is not to look for matters to quicken his pulses. Aroady is a quiet place, suitable for sheep. People delicate nerves may adventure themselves there without apprehension. Tempests and much smaller disturbances are strictly forbidden. Plots do not build themselves perilously in Arcady. There is no holding of the breath, no quivering of the spinal cord, no creepy capillary elevation, no gooseflesh in that lovely place.

It will be remembered that the Beatrice of Shakespeare's Benedick was not at all a placid person. If we may believe her own testimony she was ready on one occasion at least to eat Claudio's heart n the market place. She would have been a dreadful solecism in Arcady. The Benedick here, it is to be observed, was linked with no such Beatrice. Indeed she was not Beatrice at all, but Cathy, a name of much milder sound and promise and moreover she called him, not Renedick but Murphy, a playful appellation arising from the innocent circumstance that he was fond of roasted potatoes.

There must be puzzles everywhere, but those in Arcady were not profound What should be done with Stylesey! Stylesey was the old family servant in Arcady. She was a woman of positive character, somewhat dictatorial. Now Cathy had entered upon the scene. A young wife, presumably overflowing with reason able domestic ambitions of course she would want to be mistress in her own household. Then what to do with Stylessy! Murphy was disturbed. Foolish trouble porrower! Cathy regarded him with the look of a saint. Said she: "I am fond of Stylesey. I want her to stay and order all the meals for us, Murphy." So that was settled. So simply did puzzles in Ar-

cady solve themselves.

Pleasant nights follow upon pleasant days in Arcady. "These Northern summer nights are things apart, not understood by Southern folk, whose mid-June days are shorter than our own, whose summers are attained more easily, and therefore valued ess. The long serenity that steals along the pastures, along the meadows, plumbed high with fool's parsley and buttercups and clover; the peace that rustles downward from the moor, all brave in bracken green and quieter tints of cotton grass and bilperry; the low mysterious hum of insects that have conquered winter and have found at last their holiday; these touch the heart of a man, and no man whose heart is touched stands far from grace."

The Scandinavians came to Arcady once upon a time. Our Benedick thinks of them as he sits under a lime tree smoking a pipe vigorously to drive away the gnats. are true cousins of the Scandinavians here in Arcady. That is the simple truth which comes to me, and steels marches upon me, and will not be denied. Many races have tempered our rude metal; the heavy Saxon hand has tried to forge us into heavy shape. But we are Scandinavians still, unconquered as the Viking folk who swept up our valleys ong ago, and took their toll, and settled here. We till our inland fields to-day; but I suspect that in our dreams o' nights sometimes the inner door of consciousness is opened, and we see the beaked ships out the racing foam, the battle blades go glancing, and hear the windy rattle of the prows against the waves. Moreover, though we are landward bred, the call of the sea—and this I know from men who have never neared the seacoasts—the call of the sea has a charm and a siren's music when they read of it, and they love best of all our English tales that simply chronicle of what Howard did, and Raleigh did, and Clifford

did, among the Spaniards' ships." Arcady is in a high latitude; the summer nights are short there; but it will be seen that there is time in them for an Areadian to think of much as he sits under his lime and fumigates the ghats. How will there be an Arcady in England? This thought comes to him sadly. "I am thinking of the man of his hands-the man who can turn to any job and do it well-the man who has his own trade and pursues it and in leisure hours walks out to help his neighbor with some other task, They are a dying race to-day. The dust and follies of the towns have hidden their eyes from Arcady's true meaning. We have few men of their hands, and England-whose heart s Arcady, and has been always—is growing every day less like the merry land of meadow

and of pastures that once it was." Those bad, fanatical people, who whitewashed the church walls and levelled the maypoles and suppressed the village games -it is with a sense of personal shame that our ruminating and fumigating Arcadian recalls the willingness of Yorkshiremen, nheritors of Arcady, to help "sour Protector Cromwell" in his rebellion against the Crown. "It was good for the tranquil midands and the tranquil south, no doubt, to have this stir of desperate endeavor, this protest against the easiness of life, but it was bad for us here, where the winter's hard and we are by nature apt always to look askance at gayety. Our goodmen of their hands are dying out as a race, and the towns go humming with their ceaseless stir and bustle of restless people, treading useless pavements; and England, fair, good mother of us all, is sighing for that other ife she knew, when folk were workers and were pleasure lovers both, smelling the meadow sweets or the winter's wholesome winds about them."

But Arcady survives as yet, and our Arcadian and Benedick pities the prisoners of the cities and smokes his pipe, and buys dogs for Cathy, and presumably enjoys his roast potatoes, and writes his book, which records many slight and pleasant things.

Patricite and the Diamond Necklace.

Patrick Dillon is the hero of Margaret L Woods's story of "The King's Revoke" (E.P. Dutton & Co.). The narrative advances for a time with a deliberation which is somewhat discouraging, but in the second chapter the beautiful Countess Luzita gives her godmother's diamond necklace to Patrick; the same to be employed in "financing" the cause of the exiled Ferdinand VII. of Spain whereafter the path of Patrick is beset with numerous difficulties. "Charlesworth laughed mockingly. He was watching the Count cut the wash leather pockets out of the silken vest and also keeping an eye on Patrick, who lay tumbled a senseless heap on the sofa, the glittering necklace of Luz Santa Coloma falling forward from his naked breast. Charlesworth knew nothing about diamonds, but he was determined not to let the Count cheat him more than was inevitable. Meantime, La Suèdoise orept round to the back of the sofa and leaner over Patrick. With great quickness and dexterity she removed the necklace from

his neck and fastened it round her own." That will show that Patrick's undertaking was not unattended by vicissitudes of an interesting character. The false Diego, brother of the lovely Countess, was brilliantly foiled and fooled by Patrick. As the lovely Countess was already a wife it

was not possible for her to marry Patrick in the story. An ample tale, with much that will keep the reader busy.

The Connecticut Valley.

In "The Connecticut River and the Valley of the Connectiout" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. Edwin M. Bacon has written a charming book that with a little more space would have been exhaustive. For the first of the three parts into which the volume is divided we have nothing but praise. The proper way in which to tell the Colonial history of he valley is by large districts and Mr. Bacon

does this thoroughly and picturesquely. When it comes to describe the efforts to conquer the navigation of the river, he seems to lose himself in rather unimportant details. In the third part, the description of the river itself, he is by no means satisactory. The account of the head waters s very perfunctory and that of the towns n either bank by no means adequate.

Here if anywhere was the opportunity or entertaining local history and gossip Mr. Bacon, however, seems conscious tha the space at his disposal has been exceeded and hurries along with rather arbitrary ists of distinguished citizens that are, as nspiring as the catalogue of the ships in Homer. At Glastonbury, although he shows that he has heard of the Smith elsters. he, too, fails to speak of their cows and their fight for the suffrage. That third part should be expanded threefold; then Mr. Bacon's volume might well stand for a long time as the standard history of the Connecticut Valley:

Shakespeare's Avon.

The title "The Idyllic Avon," which Mr. John Henry Garrett has chosen for his book (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is misleading. There are several picturesque Avons i England and it is only after looking into the volume that the reader discovers which one is meant. This is the stream that flows into the Severn at Tewkesbury.

The author traces its course backward from Tewkesbury to Stratford, adorning his narrative with many pictures of scenes along the banks. He frequently bursts into verse of his own for which the reader might, perhaps, prefer his prose. Apart from the historical and literary associations there may be little to distinguish the Avon, but the views of English country scenery are pleasant and two great battlefields Tewkesbury and Evesham, are encountered before Stratford with its Shakespeare associations is reached. It makes very

India by a Hindu.

The lectures delivered before the Brooklyn Institute last winter by the Swami Abhedananda are published by the Vedanta Society, New York, under the title "India and Her People," with a cautious note of introduction by Mr. Franklin W. Hooper. They contain an interesting summary of life in India to-day, of the religions, the castes, the political institutions, education and the status of woman, as well as of considerations of the influence of Western civilization on India.

There is no trace of "babu" English in these lectures, which are extremely well done and stick to the point. They give a vivid picture of the native point of view, in which it is only natural to find hostility o the English rule and English institutions. It is a pity that the author should have used the title "Swami," which has been made to cover so much humbug and so much theosophic claptrap, in a book that n the main is thoroughly practical and full of useful information.

Other Books.

In "Erichthonius and the Three Daughers of Cecrops" the late Mr. Benjamin Powell brought together in a dissertation for the degree of doctor of philosophy all the classical authorities, including the pictured evidence of vases and sculpture, that touch on one of the most unsavory of myths. His dissertation is published as a number of the "Cornell Studies in Classical Philology" (Macmillans). For scholastic purposes the essay is more than ufficient, though the and explanations are by no means clear. Both he and his professorial editors seem ready to accept as proved the guesses of that most doubtful of all modern sciences anthropology, and where the classical references must be proved by chapter and verse the anthropological statements, however nasty, of popular works are apparently accepted as of equal value. The entertaining book by Ploss and Bartels, which seems to be accepted as Gospel truth, would, if translated into English, attract the notice

of Mr. A. Comstock. The life of "George Washington, Patriot, Soldier, Statesman, First President of the United States" that Prof. James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia has written (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has the merit of being a personal biography. The reader will look in vain here for any history of the Revolutionary war or of Washington's two terms as President. The biography would have gained much if the author's style had been less effusive. He does omit the cherry tree story, though he comes pretty close to the tale of the eleventh hour abandonment of the sea. If the reader will pardon Prof. Harrison's gush, he will find here an entertaining

life of George Washington.

Again we have the story of the San Francisco disaster told by an eyewitness in "San Francisco Through Earthquake and Fire," by Charles Keeler, who has frequently described the city before (Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco). The pamphlet is illustrated by well selected pictures, in which are carefully distinguished the effects of the earthquake and of the fire, while other scenes show the ruins and the efforts at renonatmiction.

It is a pity that the charming Dent series of Franch text books should stick so closely to the wornout standbys of pedagogy. The two latest are Alexander Dumas's "La Tulipe Noire," with an introduction by Emile Faguet of the French Academy, and the "Maximes" of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, with a preface by Paul Souday. The former work has as little suggestion as possible of the author of the "Trois Mousquetaires," but may be read without a blush by the most prudish British miss; the latter, with the necessary expurgations, may also be

translated by youth. An admirable example of the way in which plain, practical facts may be perverted for the sake of academic instruction is offered by "How to Choose a Farm," by Prof. Thomas F. Hunt of Cornell University (Macmillans). In a volume of 400 pages the author undertakes to give advice, based on theory, not only about selecting farms in every region of the United States, but also in Hawaii, the Philippines, Canada, Mexico and all South America. It is clear that the more extensive his scope is the less valuable must be his advice.

The story of a country doctor in the South is told in "The Master Man" (John Lane Company). It is an artless sort of a tale, the point of which it is rather hard to make out. The publisher has shown great charity in allowing it to appear in print.

Books Received. "The Economy of Happiness." James Mackaye. (Little, Egown and Company.) "The Life of Christ, Vol. I." Mgr. E. Le Camus,

Christendom over all mankind.

analated by William A. Hickey. (The Cathedral

"The Principles of English Verse." Chariton M.
Lewis. (Henry Holt and Company.)
"The Rambles of an Idler." Charles Conrad
Abbott, M. D. (George W. Jacobs and Company,

"Cumulative Speller and Shorthand Vocabulary." Charles E. Smith. (Isaac Pitman and Sons, New

"Audrey Craven." May Sinclair. (Henry Holt

nd Company.)
"The Hygiene of Pregnancy." Walter B. Jeanings,

M. D. (Medical Review of Reviews, New York.)

M. D. (Medical Review of Reviews, New York.)

"Field Operations of the Bureau of Solia. 1804.
With Atlas." Milton Whitney. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

"Empires and Emperors of Russia, China, Korea and Japan." Mgr. Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod.
(E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"An Englishwoman in the Philippines." Mrs Campbett Dauncey. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"The Jottings of an Old Solicitor." Sir John Hollams. (R. P. Dutton and Company.)

"From a Cornisk Window." A. T. Quiller-Couch.

"From a Cornish Window." A. T. Quiller Couch

E. P. Dutton and Company.)
"A Woman of Wit and Wisdom." Alice C. C.

Gaussen. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)
"Personal Porces in Modern Literature." Arthur
Rickett. (J. M. Dent and Company: E. P. Dutton

and Company.)
"The House of Cobwebs." George Girsing. (E. P

Dutton and Company.)
"Canada, the New Nation." H. R. Whatea
(J. M. Dent and Company; E. P. Dutton and Com-

Buchanan's Wife." Justus Miles Forman

"Buchanan's Wife." Justus Miles Forman.

(Harpers.)

"The Children's Heroes: The Story of Joan of Arc." Andrew Lang. "The Story of Sir Walter Raleigh." Margaret Duncan Kelly. "The Story of David Livingstone," Vautier Golding. "The Story of Captain Cook." John Lang. 4 vols. (J. M. Dent and Company; E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"Anthony Overman." Mirlam Michelson.

(Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"The Saint." Antonio Fogazzaro, translated by Aenetti Pritchard. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

M. Agnetti Pritchard. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Shock of Battle." Patrick Vaux. (G. P

"The Law of Automobiles." Xenophon P. Huddy.

"The Law of Automobiles." Xenophon P. Huddy,
(Matthew Bender and Company, Albany.)
"From Bull Run to Chancellorsville." Newton
Martin Curtis. (E. P. Putnam's Sons.)
"The Analytical Holy Bible." Edited by Arthur
Roberts. (Egyptian Publishing Company, Carbon-

'Song Praises." Charles H. Gabriel. (Egyptian

AQUARIUM HAS AN OCTOPUS.

Which Makes Up for the Loss of the Sea

Cow-Other Hermuda Arrivals.

Although the Aquarium's sea cow is

lead, they have another marine curiosity

in the shape of an octopus. It got here

yesterday on the steamship Bermudian.

rom Bermuda, along with ten tanks of

The octopus isn't quite so large as the

one written about in "The Perils of the

Sea," but it is large enough for one to get a pretty good idea of what might happen. The new wonder had to be put to sleep with salt before he could be dislodged

with sait before he could be dislogged from the tank he came in and placed in the tank in the Aquarium. Devil fish, when they are disturbed, usually catch hold of something with four of their tentacles and fight with the other four. Therefore

HAMMERSTEIN HELPS ROMANCE.

Incidentally Gets M. Sevelihae French

Barytone, and an "Invincible Ensemble."

Oscar Hammerstein engaged yesterday

Eugéne Seveilhac, a French barytone, to alternate with Jean Renaud in the French

and Italian repertoire. M. Seveilhac, who

is now 40, is a member of the opera com-

pany at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brus-

sels and has sung for the last four seasons

at Covent Garden the leading barytone

rôles in the French operas. He is a native

Mr. Hammerstein had been in negotia-

tion with the singer for some time, but

did not definitely engage him by cable until yesterday. Then Mr. Hammerstein

received a letter from Mme. Donalda, the

the wife of M. Seveilhac shortly after she had signed her contract to come to this country.

I suppose I could have called off her contract by law," Mr. Hammerstein said, "but I'm too anxious to have her. So instead of saving anything about the marriage I settled the engagement of her husband by cable. I'm not the man to separate two loving hearts. Besides, I need an extra French barytone, and this is just the one I wanted. Mme. Melba wrote me that with Mme. Donalda and M. Seveilhac I would have an invincible ensemble. I guess I must have it now."

must have it now."

The box office and fover of the Manhattan Opera House will be opened to the public by the middle of September.

News of Plays and Players.

Daniel V. Arthur and J. Fred Zimmer-man, Jr., have purchased from George

Broadhurst his new musical play, "The Lady from Lanes." The music will be

done by Silvio Hein, the composer of "Mar-

done by Silvio Hein, the composer of "Marrying Mary," which will open at Daly's soon with Marie Cahill as star. "The Lady from Lanes" will be produced about Christmas time in New York.

Mrs. Marv E. Barker, who originated the part of Mrs. Durbeyfield in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," has been engaged by Harrison Grey Fiske for the company to support Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata."

AMUSEMENTS.

Dizon's Cor. 21st. Mat. Today. The Missourians

of France.

been impossible heretofore to land

Publishing Company.)

other sorts of fish.

and widest moment.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Saint is a finely stirring, greatly moving romance, and it is the

interpretation also of a new crusade. It is a vivid and varied story of

Stalian life, and of that intimate far-reaching influence which Rome,

as the capital and centre of the Catholic Church, exerts throughout

a novelist, to subordinate his story to this broader subject, and the

romance of the strange and strenuous love between Benedetto and

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